

(Enters RAGHUPATI, the priest.)

O Master, have I ever been
remiss
in my worship ? And my
husband,
is he not godlike in his purity ?
Then
why has the Goddess* who
weaves the
web of this world-illusion,
assigned
my place in the barren waste
of
childlessness ?

Raghupati

Our Mother is all caprice,
she knows
no law, our sorrows and joys
are mere
freaks of her mind. Have
patience,
daughter, to-day we shall offer
special
sacrifice in your name to
please her.

Gunavati

Accept my grateful
obeisance,
father. My offerings are
already on
their way to the temple,—the
red
bunches of hibiscus and
beasts of
sacrifice. *[They go out.]*